SUE WANTS A BARBECUE! SAM WANTS TO BOIL A HAM!
JAKE WANTS A WEENIE BAKE, STEAK AND A LAYER CAKE!

EIGHTBALL

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for MATURE Readers

number 9

By DANIEL CLOWES

INSIDE:

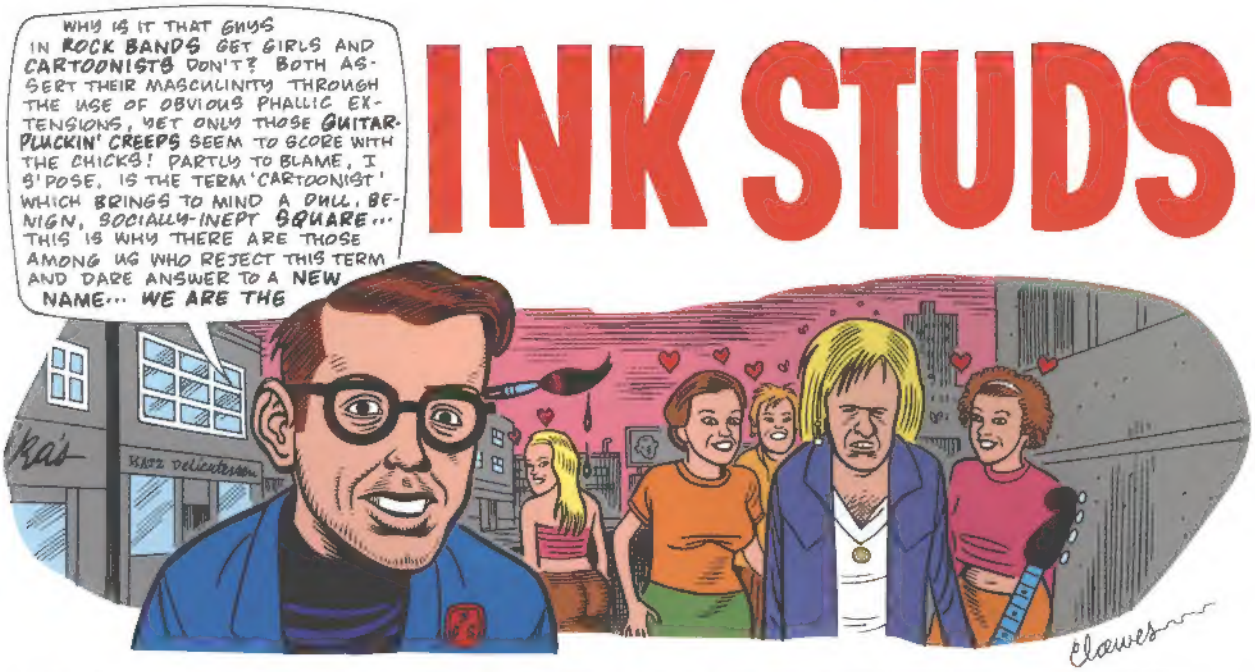
Like a Velvet Glove Cast in Iron

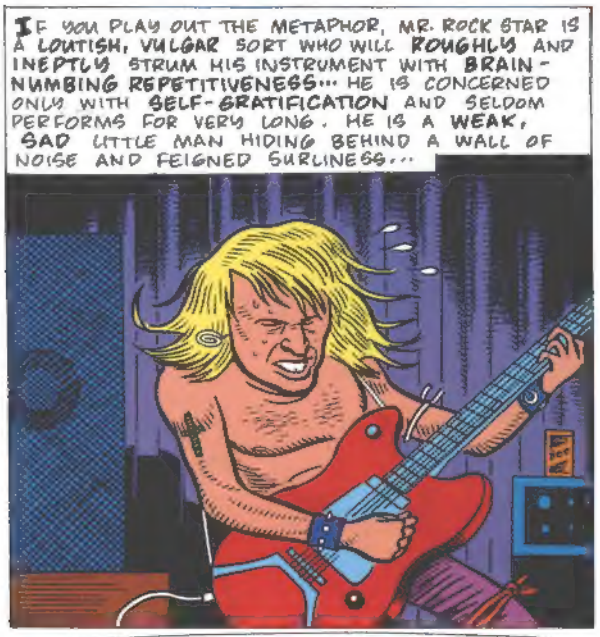
ZUBRICK

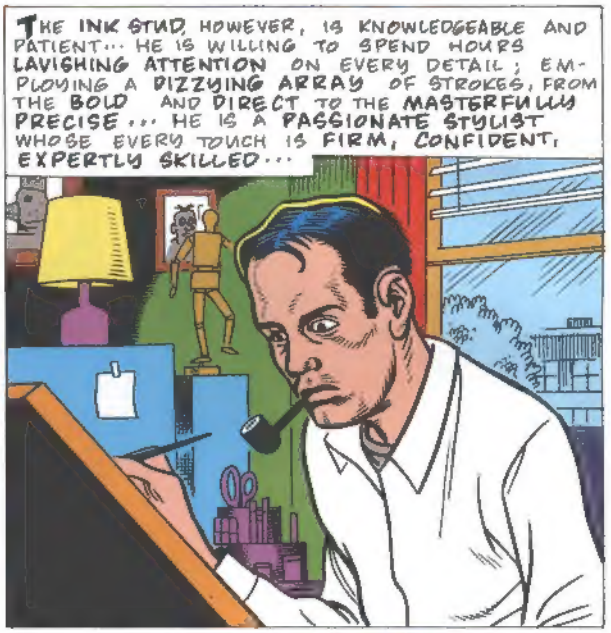
Young Dan Pussey

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

INK STUDS


WHY IS IT THAT GUYS IN ROCK BANDS GET GIRLS AND CARTOONISTS DON'T? BOTH ASSERT THEIR MASCULINITY THROUGH THE USE OF OBVIOUS PHALLIC EXTENSIONS, YET ONLY THOSE GUITAR-PLUCKIN' CREEPS SEEM TO SCORE WITH THE CHICKS! PARTLY TO BLAME, I S'POSE, IS THE TERM 'CARTOONIST' WHICH BRINGS TO MIND A DULL, BENIGN, SOCIALLY-INEPT SQUARE... THIS IS WHY THERE ARE THOSE AMONG US WHO REJECT THIS TERM AND DARE ANSWER TO A NEW NAME... WE ARE THE
Ka's
Katz Delicatessen
Clowes


IF YOU PLAY OUT THE METAPHOR, MR. ROCK STAR IS A LOUTISH, VULGAR SORT WHO WILL ROUGHLY AND INEPTLY STRUM HIS INSTRUMENT WITH BRAIN-NUMBING REPETITIVENESS... HE IS CONCERNED ONLY WITH SELF-GRATIFICATION AND SELDOM PERFORMS FOR VERY LONG. HE IS A WEAK, SAD LITTLE MAN HIDING BEHIND A WALL OF NOISE AND FEIGNED SURLINESS...


THE INK STUD, HOWEVER, IS KNOWLEDGEABLE AND PATIENT... HE IS WILLING TO SPEND HOURS LAVISHING ATTENTION ON EVERY DETAIL; EMPLOYING A DIZZYING ARRAY OF STROKES, FROM THE BOLD AND DIRECT TO THE MASTERFULLY PRECISE... HE IS A PASSIONATE STYLIST WHOSE EVERY TOUCH IS FIRM, CONFIDENT, EXPERTLY SKILLED...

SO WISE UP, LADIES! GRAB THAT LONG-HAIRED, FENDER-BENDIN', THREE-CHORD ROMEO BY HIS LEATHER PANTS AND GIVE 'IM THE HEAVE-HO! IT'S TIME TO FIND YOURSELF A CARTOON CASANOVA! GALS EVERYWHERE ARE DOING IT! DON'T BE A CHUMP!
COME TO THINK OF IT, I'LL TAKE AN INK STUD!

Like a VELVET GLOVE cast in IRON

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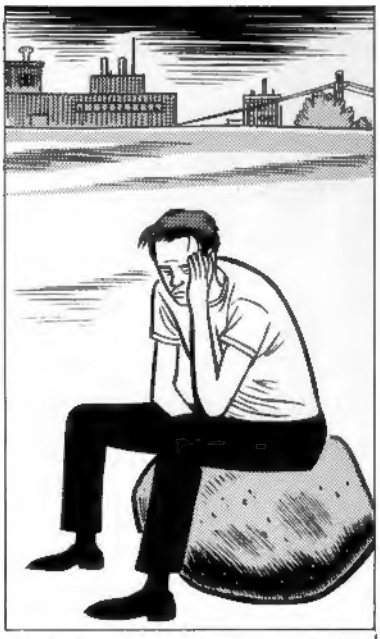
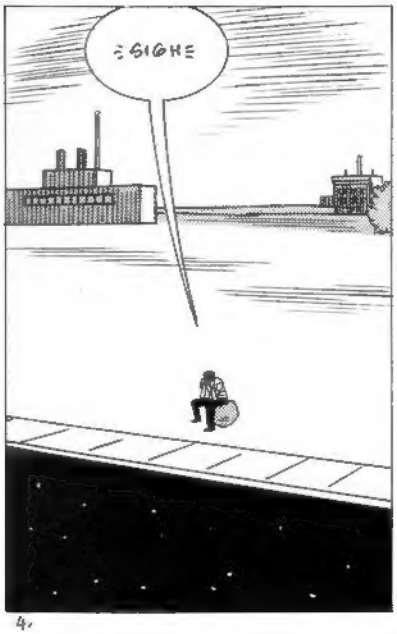


What am I ?

You're my little O' possum.


SIGHE

KRAAAAK!

PRECIOUS, THIS IS DR. WILDE. I WILL BE ENTERING YOUR ROOM MOMENTARILY... PLEASE DON'T BE ALARMED!
DR. WILDE

KRAAK!

HELLO PRECIOUS! LET ME SEE WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON!

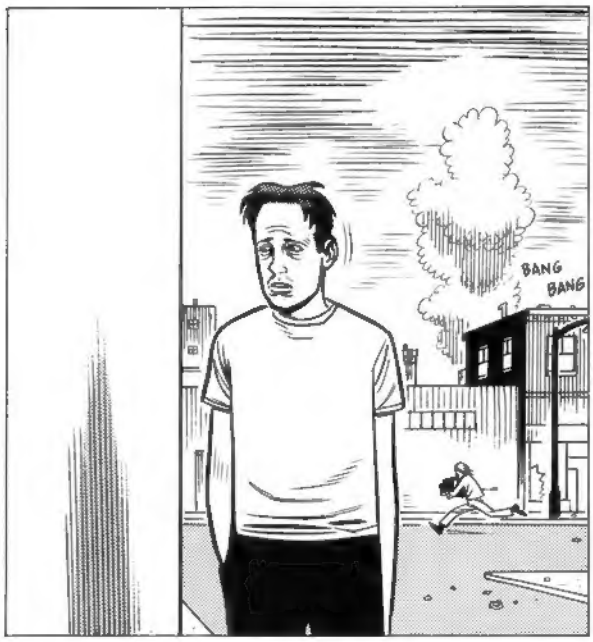
I'M IN LOVE WITH THESE DRAWINGS, DARLING!

THAT MAN WHO WAS TAKING PICTURES OF ME IS GONE!
WHICH MAN, PRECIOUS?
MYST

THAT MAN FROM ACROSS THE STREET -- I TOLD YOU--
AH YES... PERHAPS HE HAS RUN OUT OF FILM?

DO YOU THINK HE WAS A COP?

NOW PRECIOUS, WHAT ON EARTH WOULD THE POLICE WANT WITH US? THEY'RE MUCH TOO BUSY TO GO BOTHERING ARTISTS!


BANG
BANG

POW
HARUM
SCARUM
HEY!

THIS IS OUR STREET!
?
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING ON OUR STREET, ASSHOLE ?!

MOTHERFUCKER!!
WHUMP!
UFFF!

HA
HA
HA

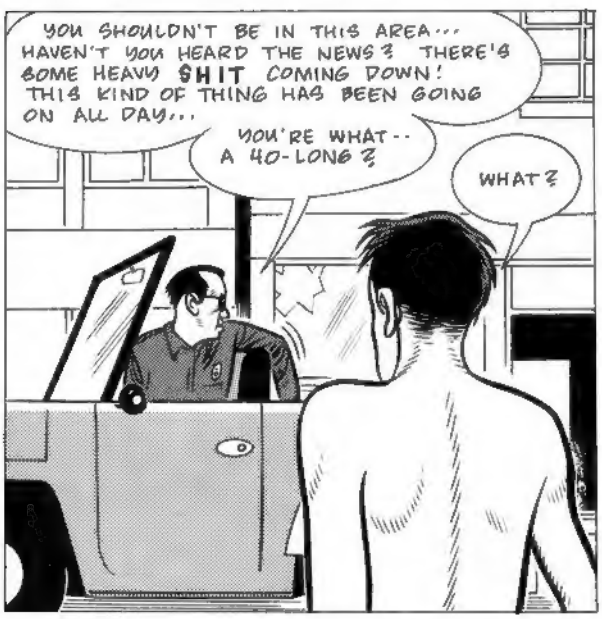
YOU REALLY CALL THAT A DICK ?!
HA
HA
HA

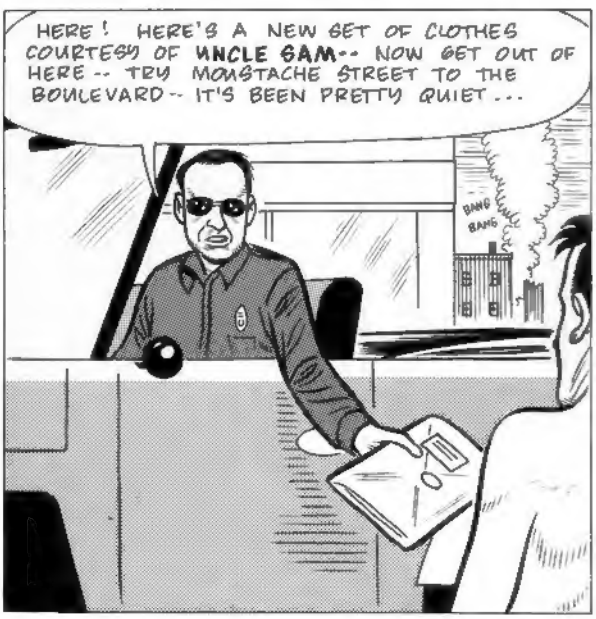
HA HA HA
OOGHH!

OOOOOOH

VRRRR

YOU OKAY, BUDDY?
Y-YEAH...

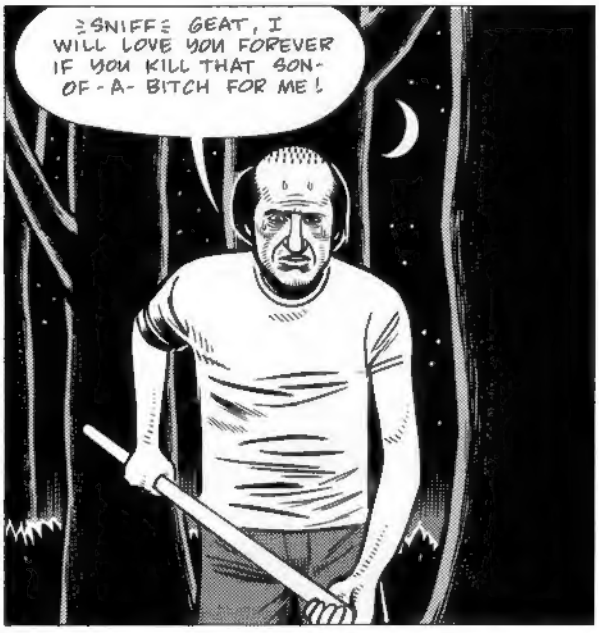

YOU SHOULDN'T BE IN THIS AREA... HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THE NEWS? THERE'S SOME HEAVY **SHIT** COMING DOWN! THIS KIND OF THING HAS BEEN GOING ON ALL DAY...
YOU'RE WHAT-- A 40-LONG?
WHAT?


HERE! HERE'S A NEW SET OF CLOTHES COURTESY OF **UNCLE SAM**-- NOW GET OUT OF HERE -- TRY MOUSTACHE STREET TO THE BOULEVARD -- IT'S BEEN PRETTY QUIET...
BANG BANG

THANKS!
VRRRR

That night...

≡SOB≡
PAT PAT


≡SNIFF≡ GEAT, I WILL LOVE YOU FOREVER IF YOU KILL THAT SON-OF-A-BITCH FOR ME!

LAURA DARLING, I LOVE YOU... YOU WERE THE ONLY LIVING THING WHO EVER ACTED RIGHT TOWARD ME...

≡SOB≡ OH LAURA... ≡SOB≡
CRACKLE!

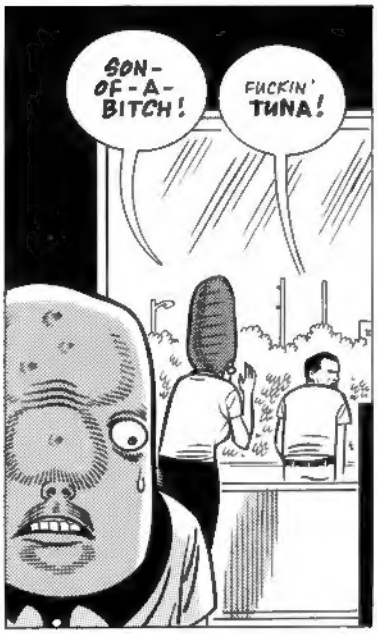
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING MISTER?
≡SOB≡

WHAT?
≡SNIFF≡

THIS IS PRIVATE, SON... IT'S A FAMILY THING...

SOMEBODY'S DEAD! ...L-A-U-R-A...
WHO WAS IT?
HE WAS MY DOG.
AWWWW!
MISTER... CAN I WATCH? I WON'T MAKE ANY NOISE!
WATCH WHAT?
I DON'T KNOW... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
Meanwhile...
DING!
Later that night...
YOU HEARD ME, LARDASS!
GRIMM'S Diner
YOU APOLOGIZE TO HER OR GET THE FUCK OUT!
=MUMBLE=
I MEAN IT, ASSHOLE... FOREVER!
Sal

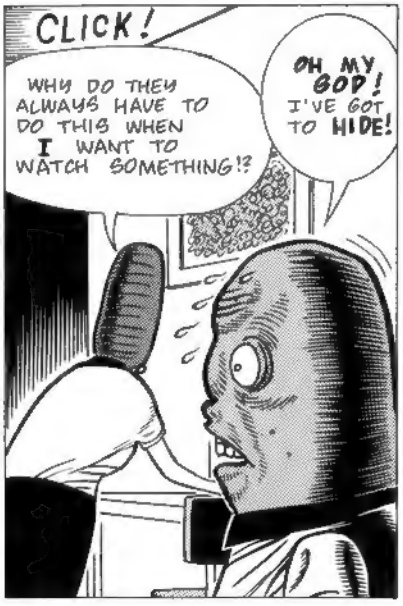
TO HELL WITH YOU! I CAN HARDLY HOLD DOWN MY DINNER WHEN SHE'S AROUND ANYWAY!


SON-OF-A-BITCH!
FUCKIN' TUNA!

DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM, HONEY.
I-I WON'T...

...SO WHAT HAPPENED WITH XAVIER AND OLIVIA?
I DON'T KNOW... SOME NEWS REPORT CUT IN JUST WHEN SHE WAS ABOUT TO TELL HIM!

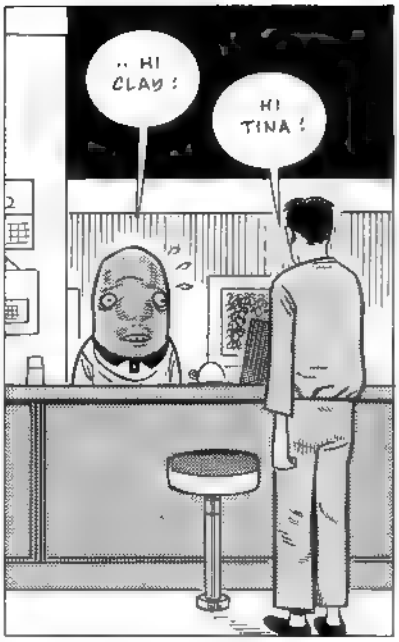
...the rioting appears to be escalating in most major cities, though special government-appointed task-forces have--


CLICK!
WHY DO THEY ALWAYS HAVE TO DO THIS WHEN I WANT TO WATCH SOMETHING!?
OH MY GOD! I'VE GOT TO HIDE!

?
Sal

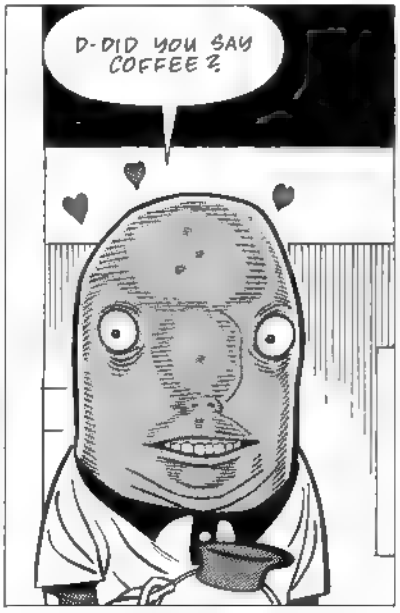
JUST ONE?
UM... ACTUALLY, I'M LOOKING FOR TINA?
...ARE YOU WEARING PAJAMAS?

NO...
JUST A MINUTE.
?

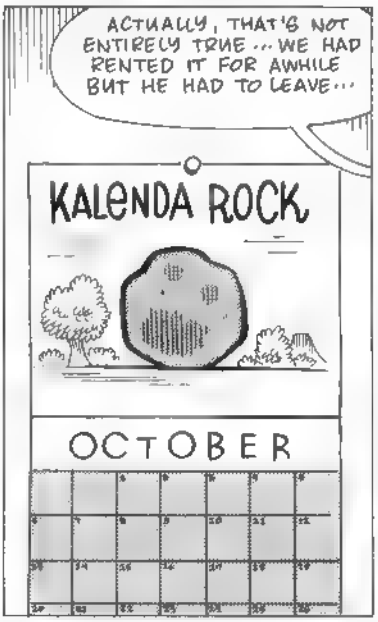

.. HI CLAY!
HI TINA!

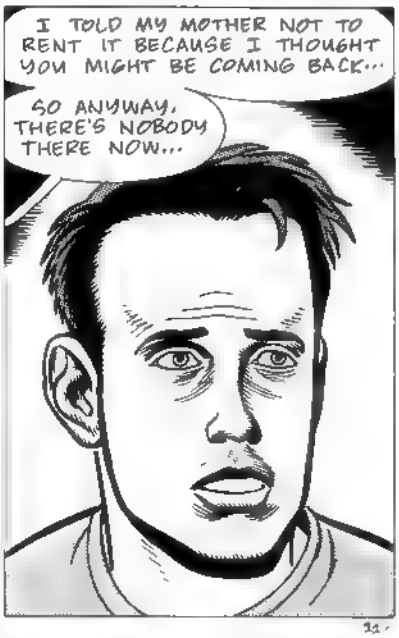
W-WOULD YOU LIKE ANYTHING?
UM... I'LL JUST HAVE SOME COFFEE, I GUESS.

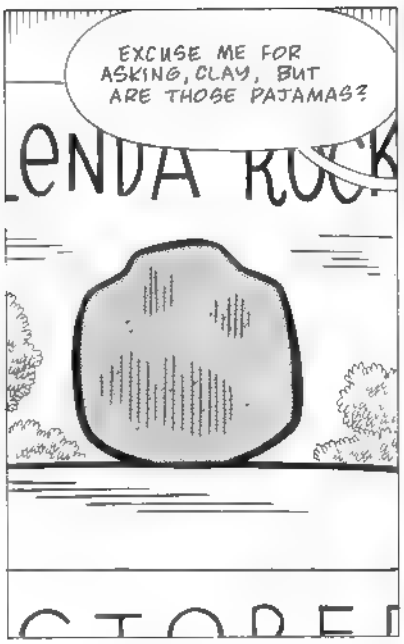
... I'M LEAVING TOWN SOON SO I THOUGHT I'D SAY GOODBYE BEFORE I LEFT...

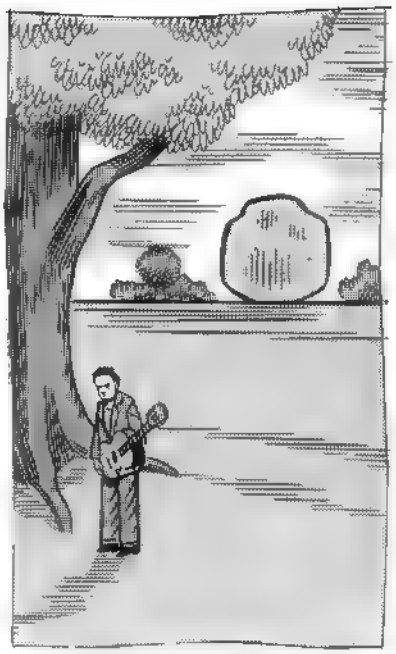

D-DID YOU SAY COFFEE?

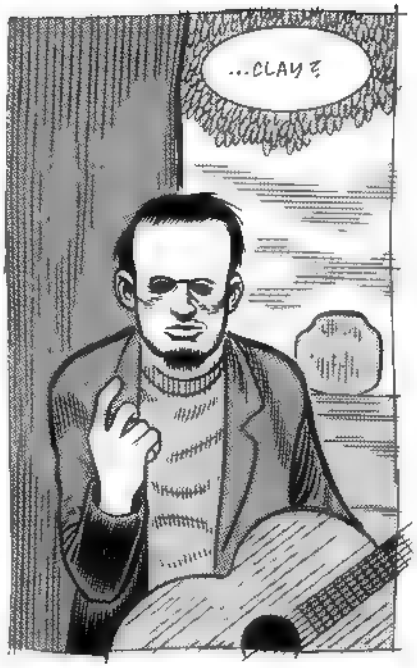
COFFEE, RIGHT?
..YOU KNOW, WE STILL HAVEN'T RENTED THAT ROOM!
KALENDA ROCK
OCTOBER
Grimm's DINER

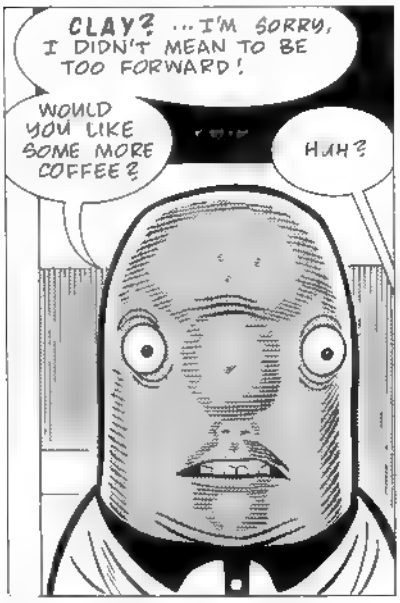

ACTUALLY, THAT'S NOT ENTIRELY TRUE... WE HAD RENTED IT FOR AWHILE BUT HE HAD TO LEAVE...
KALENDA ROCK
OCTOBER


I TOLD MY MOTHER NOT TO RENT IT BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE COMING BACK...
SO ANYWAY, THERE'S NOBODY THERE NOW...

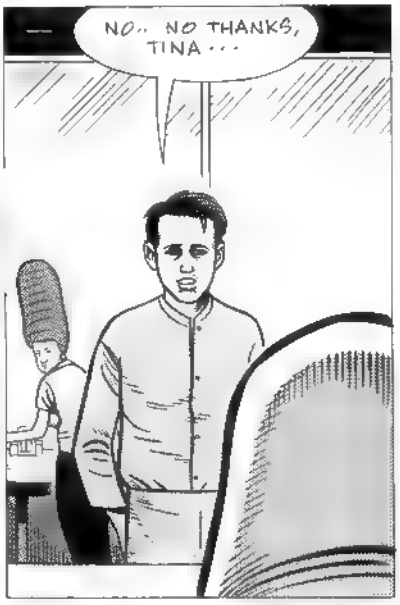

EXCUSE ME FOR ASKING, CLAY, BUT ARE THOSE PAJAMAS?




...CLAY?

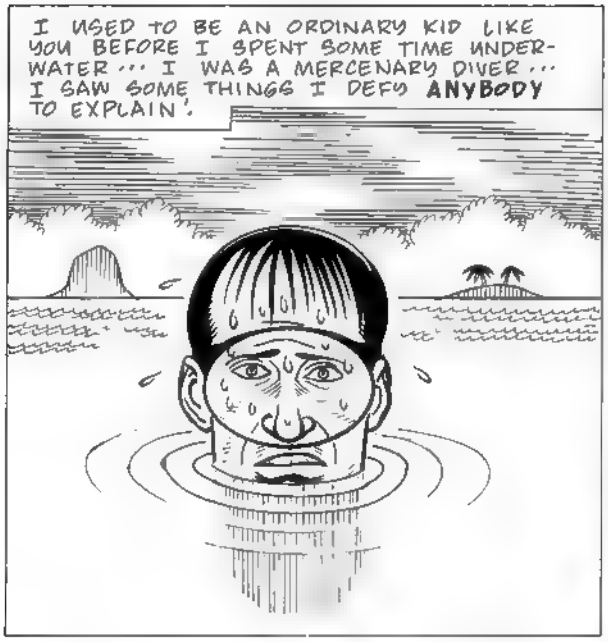

CLAY? ...I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE TOO FORWARD!
WOULD YOU LIKE SOME MORE COFFEE?
HUH?

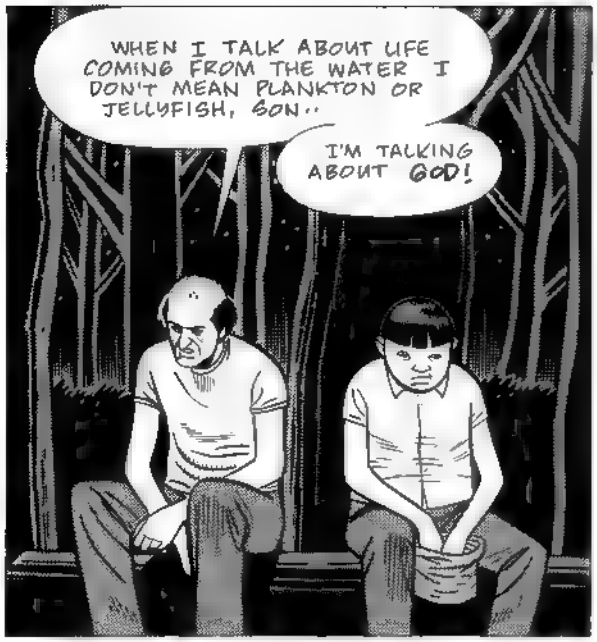
NO, THAT'S OKAY.. JESUS CHRIST! I FORGOT MY WALLET WAS STOLEN -- I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY!
OH, HOW AWFUL! DO YOU WANT TO BORROW SOME MONEY?


NO.. NO THANKS, TINA...

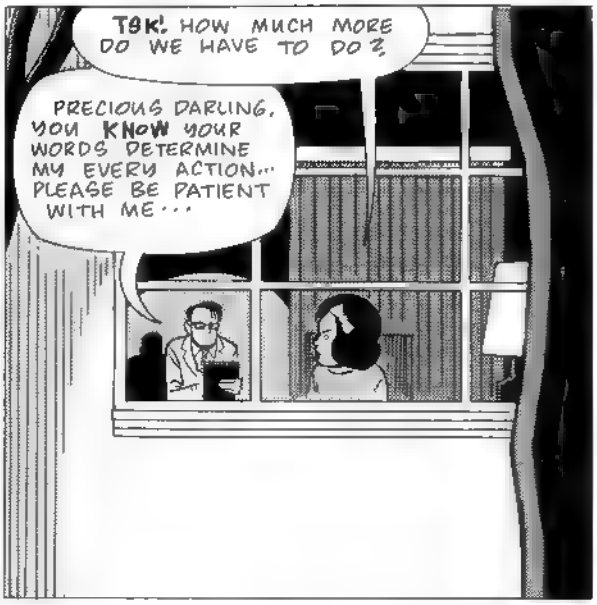
HOW DO YOU GET TO KALENDA ROCK FROM HERE?

THEY SAY THAT ALL LIFE COMES FROM THE SEA.. I'VE SEEN THINGS OUT THERE THAT WOULD BLOW YOUR MIND... THIS VERY LAKE IS FILLED WITH SECRETS, SON -- THE SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE! I'M CONVINCED OF IT! THAT'S WHY THEY CLOSED IT DOWN -- THEY DON'T WANT PEOPLE FIGURING THINGS OUT!
CHOFF CHOFF


I USED TO BE AN ORDINARY KID LIKE YOU BEFORE I SPENT SOME TIME UNDERWATER... I WAS A MERCENARY DIVER... I SAW SOME THINGS I DEFY ANYBODY TO EXPLAIN!


WHEN I TALK ABOUT LIFE COMING FROM THE WATER I DON'T MEAN PLANKTON OR JELLYFISH, SON..
I'M TALKING ABOUT GOD!

I'M SURE NOT A CHRISTIAN OR A MUSLIM OR A JEW BUT I BELIEVE IN A SUPREME BEING AND I BELIEVE THAT HE COMES FROM THE WATER AND I BELIEVE THAT CERTAIN PEOPLE HAVE ACCESS TO HIS POWER AND THAT THEY USE IT TO CORRUPT ENDS!
:MUNCH MUNCH: SLUUURP

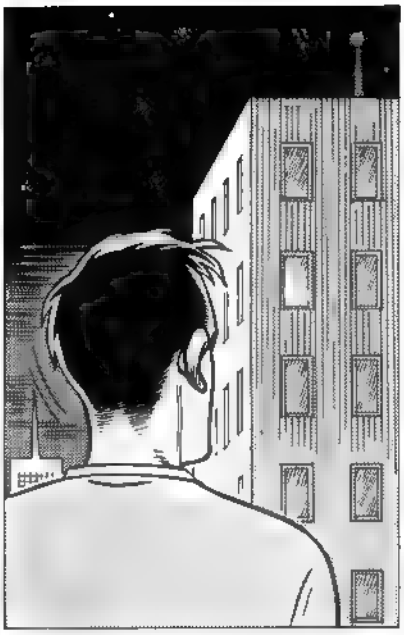

TSK! HOW MUCH MORE DO WE HAVE TO DO?
PRECIOUS DARLING, YOU KNOW YOUR WORDS DETERMINE MY EVERY ACTION... PLEASE BE PATIENT WITH ME...

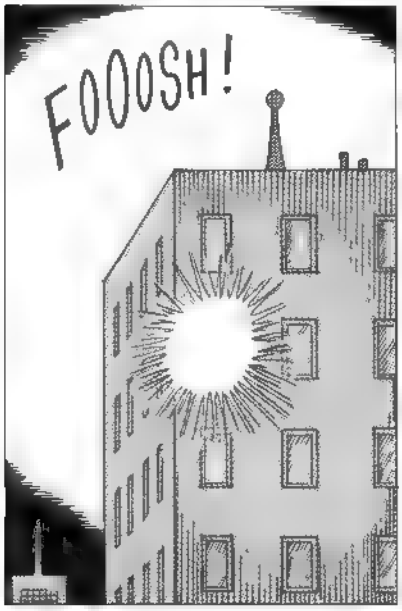
NOW LET'S GET BACK TO "BLUEBIRD OF HAPPINESS"... HOW ABOUT THE WOMAN, DO YOU HAVE A NAME FOR HER YET?
..IRENE...
MARVELOUS! WHAT COLOR IS HER HAIR?
REDDISH BROWN...

OKAY, WE'VE GOTTEN UP TO THE POINT WHERE CLAUDE ENTERS IRENE'S TENT... WHAT DO THEY DO?
THEY TALK.
ABOUT WHAT?
SHE'S GOT SOMETHING WRONG WITH HER...SOME DISEASE.

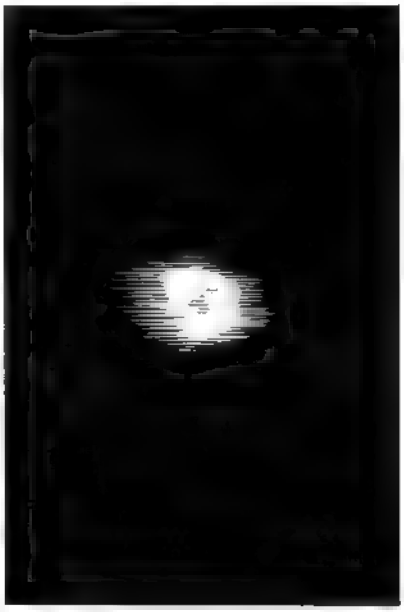
I LOVE IT! THEN WHAT?
HE FUCKS HER
...AND SHE CRIES AFTERWARDS...

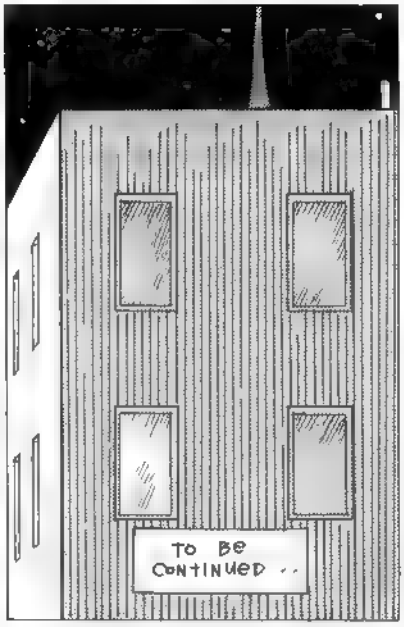
YES?
SO HE STABS HIMSELF IN THE HEART!
BEAUTIFUL, DARLING!




FOOOSH!

JESUS!

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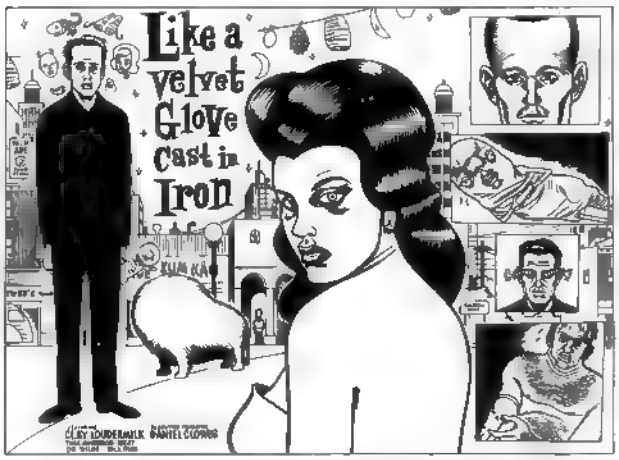

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Erika Katz by D. Klowes

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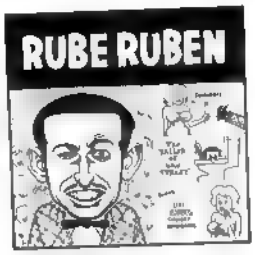

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DEAR DAN,
HAVING NOW READ ALL EIGHT EXISTING ISSUES OF YOUR COMIC 'EIGHTBALL' I HAVE NOW COME TO THE HORRIFYING CONCLUSION THAT YOU ARE A VILE, BITTER, COMPASSIONLESS CYNIC WHOSE EXCESS OF CONTEMPT FOR HUMANITY ONLY GOES TO SHOW YOU HAVE NO SOUL AND NO HEART!

BOB HARTSHORN
ESSEX, ENGLAND

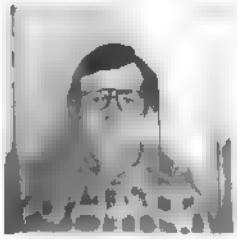
DAN,
HERE'S A LITTLE ANECDOTE THAT RELATES TO THE *MY SUICIDE* BIT: ONCE I WAS RIDING ON THE BACK SEAT OF A BUS WITH A GIRLFRIEND, WHEN A SECURITY COP SAT IN FRONT OF US WITH HIS GUN HANGING OUT RIGHT WITHIN INCHES OF MY HAND. SO AS A JOKE I PRETEND LIKE I'M GOING TO GRAB HIS GUN, JUST TO GET A LAUGH OUT OF THE WOMAN I WAS WITH. THERE WAS NO WAY THE SECURITY COP COULD SEE THIS GOING ON, BUT SOME KID ACROSS THE AISLE SAW ME AND YELLS, "HE'S GOIN' FOR YOUR GUN!" EVERYONE IN THE BUS TURNS AROUND AND STARES AT ME, ESPECIALLY THE 6-FOOT, 200-LB. SECURITY COP. NO ONE THOUGHT MY LITTLE JOKE WAS VERY FUNNY. WHAT A COMEDIAN.

DENNIS WORDEN
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CA.

DEAR D. CLOWES:
YOU ARE A DOUBLE-ASS BITCH.

MICHAEL HASHIM
NEW YORK, NY.

WANTED: MORE READERS LIKE...



HERB LICHTENSTEIN
Chicago, IL.

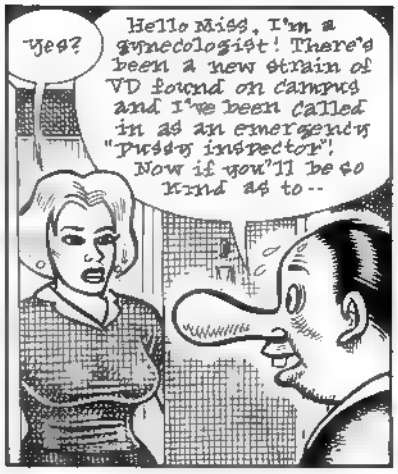
DANIEL,
I THOUGHT I SHOULD WRITE. MY FIRST VENTURE OUTSIDE TODAY WAS TO GO TO THE POST OFFICE TO CHECK MY MAIL. STANDING IN FRONT OF THE HALLMARK GIFT SHOP WAS A TALL, WHITE RABBIT WEARING OVERALLS WITH BLUE AND YELLOW BALLOONS. I WONDERED WHAT KIND OF HORRIBLE PERSON STOOD INSIDE THE COSTUME. AND AS I DREW NEARER I SUSPECTED A GAY PERSON WHEN THE KNEES DIPPED AT PASSERSBY AND SPRANG BACK HAPPILY. ON MY WAY HOME I PASSED THE RABBIT AGAIN WHICH I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN ABOUT WHILE I WAS IN THE P.O. THIS TIME IT SPOKE TO A CHILD. "HELLO, HOW ARE YOU?" IN AN ORIENTAL ACCENT. I WENT STRAIGHT HOME, UP THE STAIRS AND CLOSED THE DOORS. DANIEL, ARE YOU GAY? YOUR MAGAZINE IS CUTE.

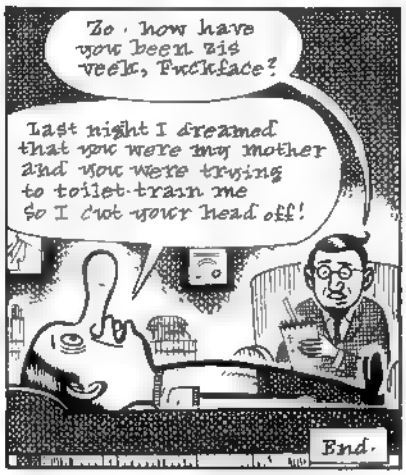
TODD PRUDHOMME
NEW YORK, NY.

P.S. RE PAGE 14 OF NO. 8: WHEN A BULLET ENTERS, THERE IS NO OUTWARD SPRAY OF FRAGMENT OR LIQUID. ONLY AS THE BULLET EXITS DOES IT TAKE MATERIAL WITH IT... AND IF IT'S A HOLLOW POINT! I'M SENSITIVE TO BALLISTICS PRESENTLY BECAUSE THERE WAS AN AD FOR A CHEVY CHASE MOVIE WHERE A BULLET WAS SHOWN LEAVING HIS HEAD WITH THE SHELL STILL ON!

DAN,
I JUST PICKED UP EIGHTBALL #8 AND I'VE FINALLY REALIZED WHAT IT IS ABOUT YOUR WORK--- YOU DRAW EVERYBODY IN THE WORLD WITH WORSE TEETH THAN MINE.

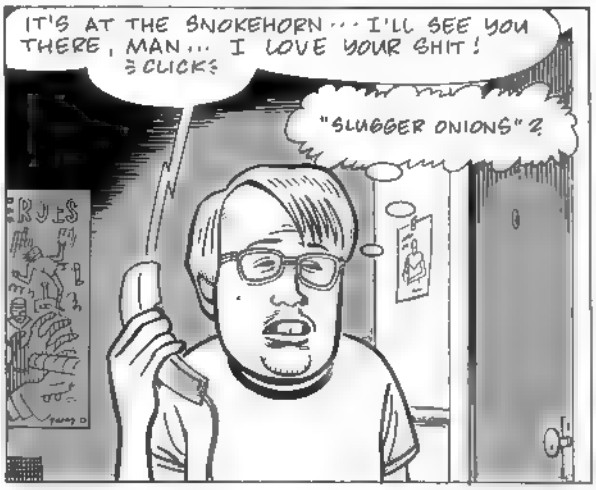
BRIAN PAYNE
NORTHGLENN, CO.



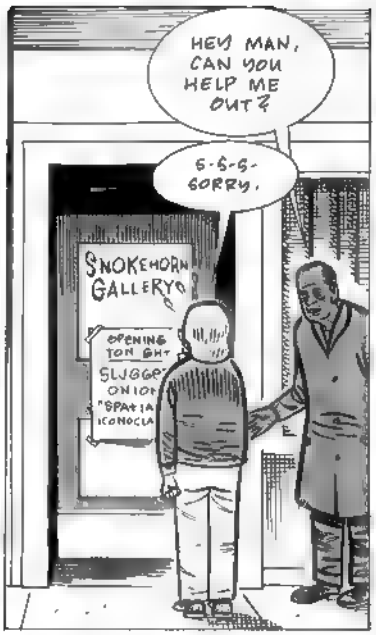


Dan Pussey in "THE ARTIST'S LIFE"

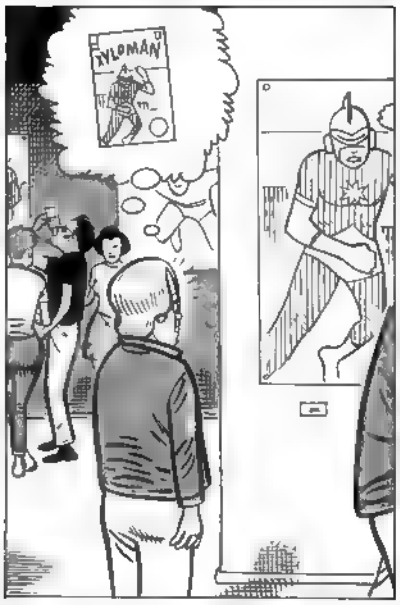
By Daniel Clowes



Friday night...
W-WHY WOULD THEY PUT AN ART GALLERY IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD?!


HEY MAN, CAN YOU HELP ME OUT?
S-S-S-SORRY.
SNOKEHORN GALLERY

GULP!



...SO ANYWAY, I SAYS "I DON'T WAIT IN LINES, MAN" AND I FUCKIN' PISSED RIGHT THERE ON THE FLOOR!
MMGH... GOT A FUCKIN' BOOGER!
OH SLUGGER.. YOU'RE SUCH A REBEL!

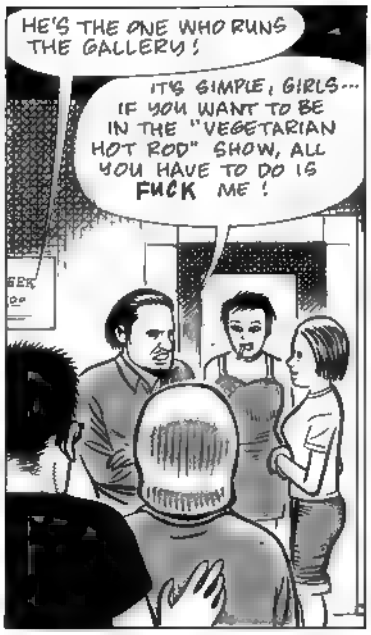
EH... "S-SLUGGER"? .. EH.. HEH-HEH..

WHAT!! Y'WANT MY AUTOGRAPH? HERE Y'GO, PAL!
HA HA HA HA HA HA
ART FAG
WIPE!

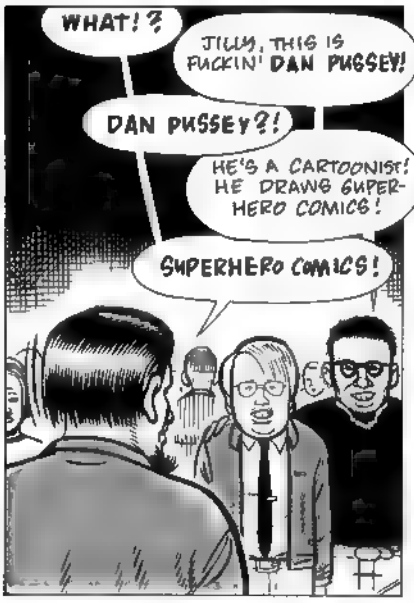
YEAH? WELL?? WHAT!?!
UH.. I-I'M DAN PUSSEY...

FUCKIN' DAN PUSSEY!!

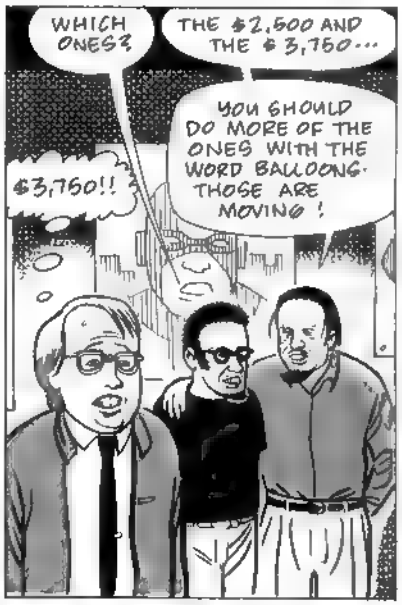
I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D FUCKIN' COME! DID YOU SEE I USED YOUR IMAGERY IN SOME OF MY PAINTINGS?
UH... UH, YEAH!
C'MON, LEMME INTRODUCE YA TO JILLY!

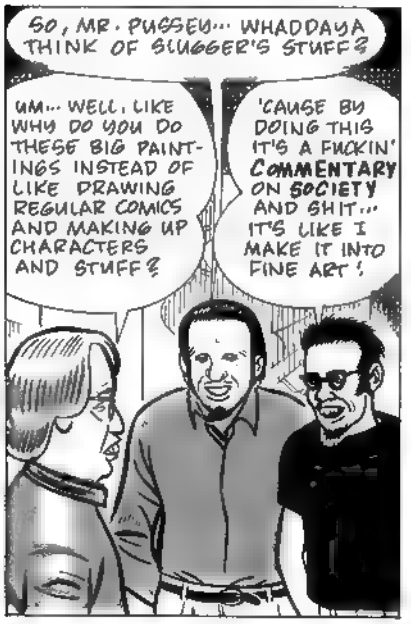

HE'S THE ONE WHO RUNS THE GALLERY!
IT'S SIMPLE, GIRLS... IF YOU WANT TO BE IN THE "VEGETARIAN HOT ROD" SHOW, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FUCK ME!

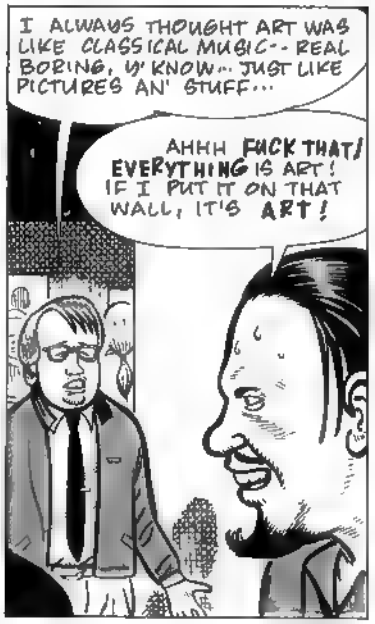
NO WAIT-- FOR YOU, A BLOW-JOB!
YOU! YOU HAVE TO FUCK ME!
JILLY...


WHAT!?
JILLY, THIS IS FUCKIN' DAN PUSSEY!
DAN PUSSEY?!
HE'S A CARTOONIST! HE DRAWS SUPER-HERO COMICS!
SUPERHERO COMICS!

I LOVE COMICS! THAT'S ART FOR THE PEOPLE! THAT'S WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO DO HERE-- BRING ART TO THE PEOPLE! NOT SOME SNOOTY RICH FUCKERS!
BY THE WAY KID, YOU SOLD TWO MORE PIECES!


WHICH ONES?
THE $2,500 AND THE $3,750...
YOU SHOULD DO MORE OF THE ONES WITH THE WORD BALLOONS. THOSE ARE MOVING!
$3,750!!


SO, MR. PUSSEY... WHADDAYA THINK OF SLUGGER'S STUFF?
UM... WELL, LIKE WHY DO YOU DO THESE BIG PAINTINGS INSTEAD OF LIKE DRAWING REGULAR COMICS AND MAKING UP CHARACTERS AND STUFF?
'CAUSE BY DOING THIS IT'S A FUCKIN' COMMENTARY ON SOCIETY AND SHIT... IT'S LIKE I MAKE IT INTO FINE ART!


I ALWAYS THOUGHT ART WAS LIKE CLASSICAL MUSIC-- REAL BORING, Y' KNOW... JUST LIKE PICTURES AN' STUFF...
AHHH FUCK THAT! EVERYTHING IS ART! IF I PUT IT ON THAT WALL, IT'S ART!

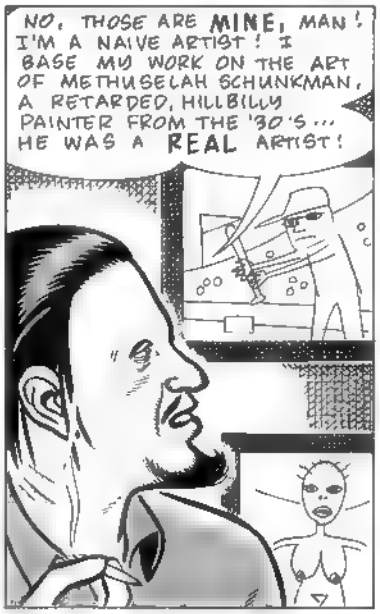
AND IF IT SELLS, IT'S GOOD ART! AND THE MORE IT SELLS FOR, THE BETTER (OR IN SOME CASES, BIGGER) IT IS!

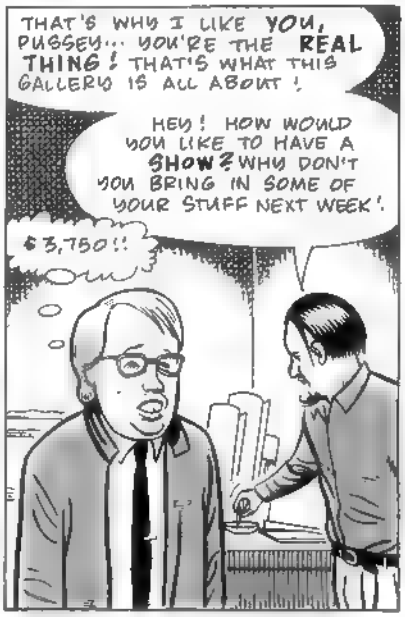
COME INTO THE OFFICE WITH ME FOR A MINUTE, PUSSEY... DO YOU PARTAKE IN COMBUSTIBLES?
I-I DON'T THINK SO...
?

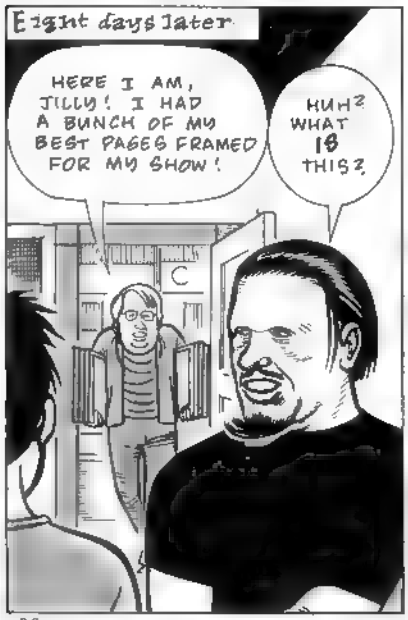
IT'S A FUCKED-UP THING, THIS ART BUSINESS... IF THE ART ESTABLISHMENT SAYS THAT PAINTINGS OF TOOTHPASTE TUBES ARE "IN" THEN SUDDENLY YOU GOT A HUNDRED GUYS PAINTING PICTURES OF TOOTHPASTE TUBES!

THAT'S WHY GUYS LIKE YOU AND ME ARE OUTLAWS IN THE ART WORLD! ≡SSSUCK≡ WE DON'T FIT INTO THEIR FUCKIN' CATEGORIES!
VAN GOGH WAS AN OUTLAW! PICASSO... ALL THOSE FUCKIN' GUYS!

≡SSSUCK≡ Y'WANT ANY?
DID SOME LITTLE KID DO THOSE?


NO, THOSE ARE MINE, MAN! I'M A NAIVE ARTIST! I BASE MY WORK ON THE ART OF METHUSELAH SCHUNKMAN, A RETARDED, HILLBILLY PAINTER FROM THE '30'S... HE WAS A REAL ARTIST!


THAT'S WHY I LIKE YOU, PUSSEY... YOU'RE THE REAL THING! THAT'S WHAT THIS GALLERY IS ALL ABOUT!
HEY! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A SHOW? WHY DON'T YOU BRING IN SOME OF YOUR STUFF NEXT WEEK!
$3,750!!


Eight days later
HERE I AM, JILLY! I HAD A BUNCH OF MY BEST PAGES FRAMED FOR MY SHOW!
HUH? WHAT IS THIS?

COMICS? JESUS KID, THAT'S YESTERDAY'S NEWS! WE'RE BUSY PUTTING TOGETHER A BIG SHOW OF ARTWORK BY MASS MURDERERS! CALL ME WHEN YOU KILL SOMEBODY!

And so?..
AND SO... THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED!
HA HA HA OH DAN PUSSEY, YOU'LL BE THE DEATH OF ME! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THE FINE ART WORLD IS A DEN OF HUCKSTERS AND CON-MEN! STICK TO COMICS, THEY ARE AMERICA'S GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT VALUE!
end

ZUBRICK and POGEYBAIT

By Daniel Clowes

PSST! HEY BUDDY! I NEED TO TALK TO YOU!

GULP!

Y'GOT ANY CHANGE?

Hey! That's ME!

HOW ABOUT A BLOW JOB TODAY?

MISTER! Y'GOT A CIGARETTE?

WANNA BUY SOME HEROIN?

..GOTTA MAINTAIN MY COMPOSURE... ACT NONCHALANT... IF I SHOW ANY FEAR THEY'LL TEAR ME TO SHREDS! OY! SUCH A LIFE!

Y'HAND-ON!

HEY PUSSY I'M TALKIN' TO YOU!

FOUR-EYED FAGGOT!

SHRIMP!

WHAT WAS I THINKING WHEN I LEFT THE HOUSE TODAY?! THIS CITY HAS BECOME A NIGHTMARISH URBAN WASTELAND TEEMING WITH PREDATORS AND MURDEROUS LUNATICS!

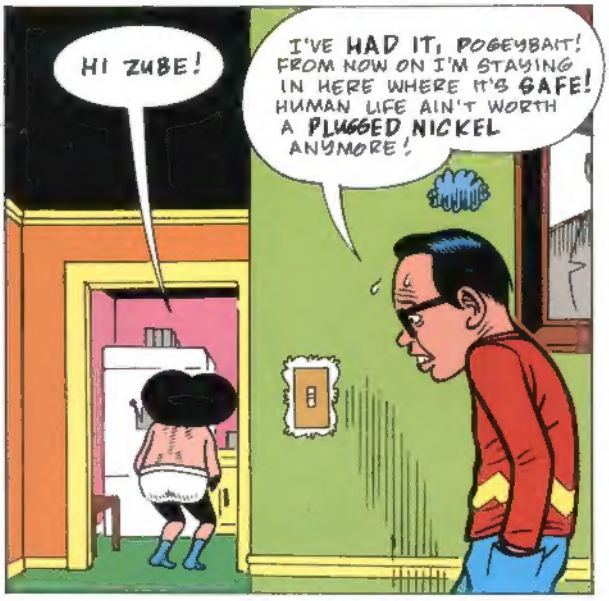
BLAM

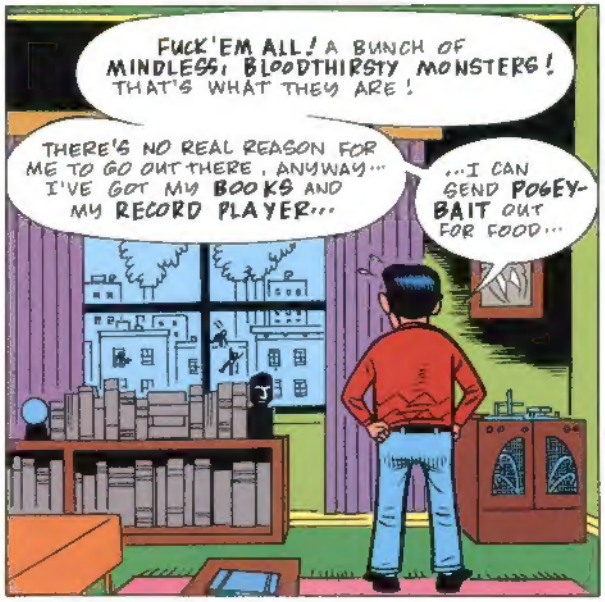
BLAM

SCREECH

PLEASE GOD, JUST GET ME INSIDE --I PROMISE I'LL NEVER LEAVE THE HOUSE AGAIN!
I'LL SLICE UP YOUR PRETTY-BOY FACE LIKE A TOMATO!
HARD ROCK CAFE

OY! WHAT A HORRIBLE, MISERABLE, AWFUL, STINKING, FILTHY, SHITHOLE OF A WORLD IT IS!


HI ZUBE!
I'VE HAD IT, POGEYBAIT! FROM NOW ON I'M STAYING IN HERE WHERE IT'S SAFE! HUMAN LIFE AIN'T WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL ANYMORE!


FUCK'EM ALL! A BUNCH OF MINDLESS, BLOODTHIRSTY MONSTERS! THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE!
THERE'S NO REAL REASON FOR ME TO GO OUT THERE, ANYWAY... I'VE GOT MY BOOKS AND MY RECORD PLAYER...
...I CAN SEND POGEY-BAIT OUT FOR FOOD...

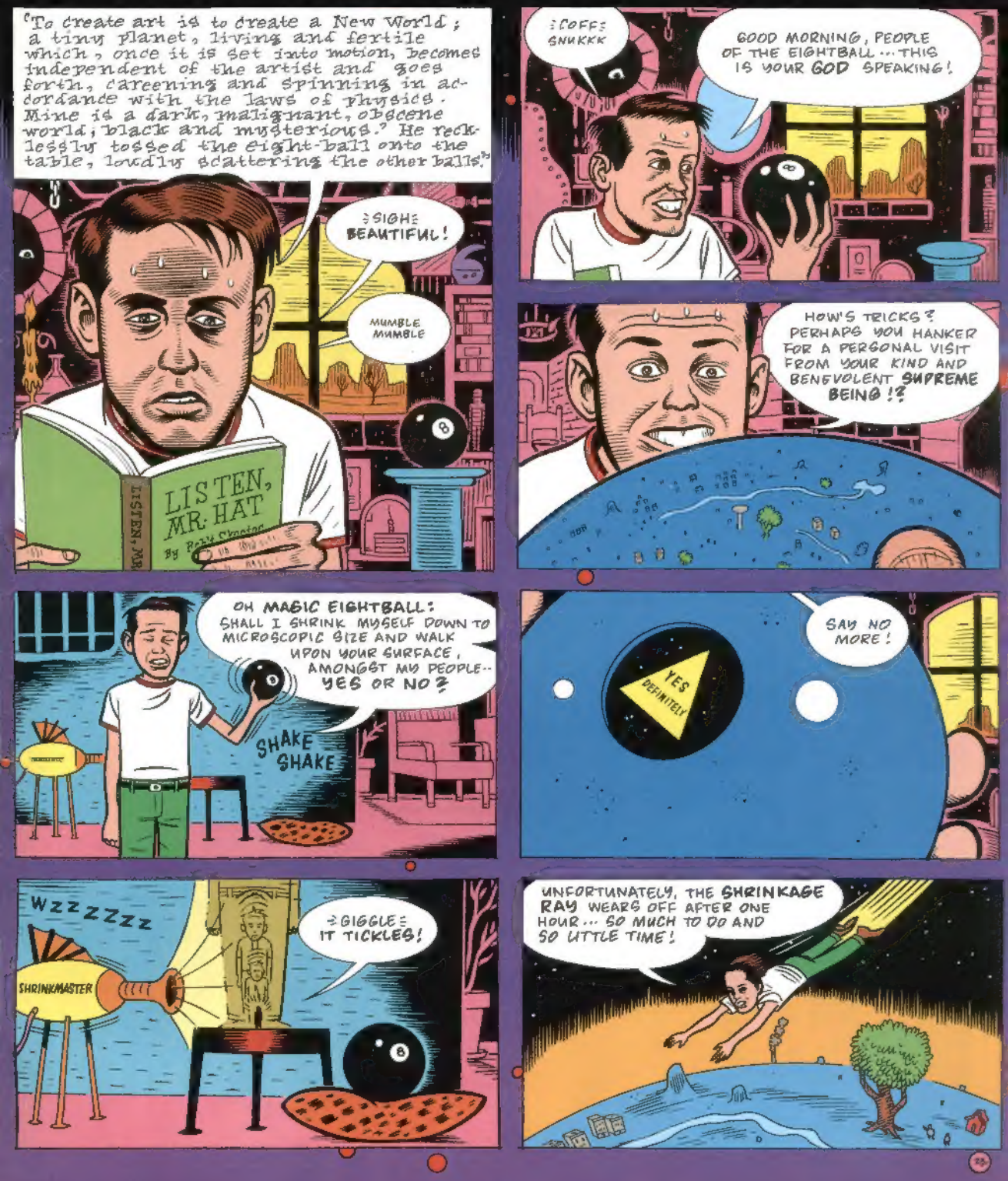
I'LL JUST WATCH THEM KILL EACH OTHER FROM THIS WINDOW AND WAIT FOR THE WORLD TO END! I'M NO THRILL-SEEKER! I'M PERFECTLY HAPPY TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE IN THE WOMB-LIKE SAFETY OF THIS APARTMENT! I--
LOOKY HERE, ZUBE...

I FOUND THESE GIANT, CARNIVOROUS WORMS BREEDING UNDER THE SINK!
end

Eightball

"Greco turned to the Old Man who was now leaning uncomfortably on the pool table. 'You are not an artist, Mr. Greco,' he croaked. 'In fact, you know nothing about the subject.' He grabbed the eight-ball and held it reverently in his palm.

Daniel Clowes



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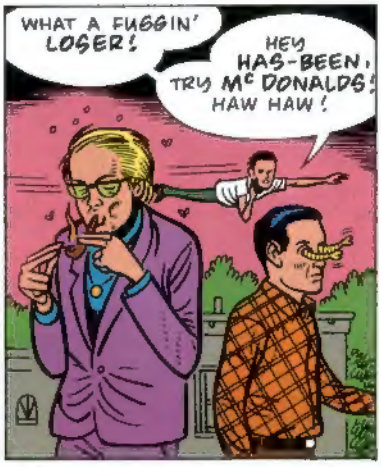

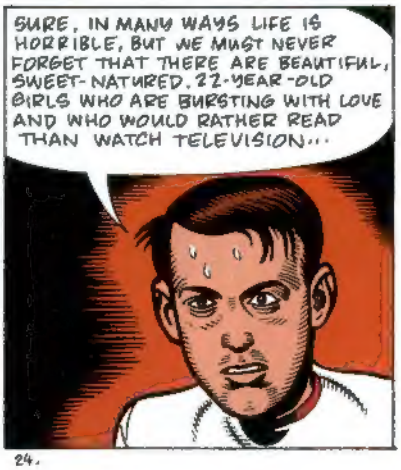

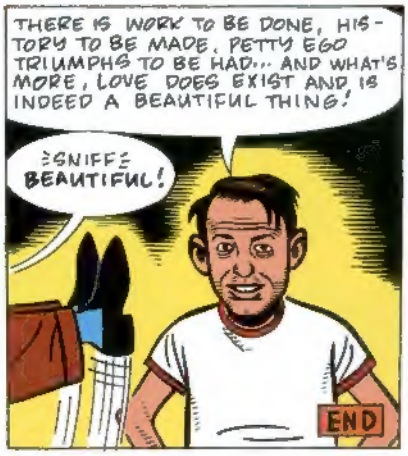

YOU DOWN WITH DCP?